

wriggle.

orphan_account

wriggle. by orphan_account

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Summary:

let it penetrate, a little bit of pain never hurt nobody.

wriggle.

It's wet.

You can never tell if the wetness comes from your blood, your own fluids, his drool.

Currently in such a position, all you can focus on is the wetness. You're rutting your hips against the *thing* crouched behind you, the *clown* you'd given yourself to.

It's wet, throbbing, between your legs. It's wet beneath you. Wet on your shoulder where his teeth nicked you, where your blood was coagulating.

Sticky, snotty globs of drool are pouring onto the back of your neck, oozing down your spine to pool in the small of your back.

And grunts, hisses, growls, inhuman noises are bouncing off the walls. You dare not offer much more than a moan with every rutted push of IT's hips. You knew you had to save your voice- you knew this song and dance *all* too well.

Suddenly bored with the positioning, the creature pauses, flips you over.

Your eyes locked with his. You dared not move, your trembling frame heaving with every breath as you felt the familiar bite of his claws digging into your hips.

"Pretty, pretty toy..."

The enunciation in his voice on every "t" was stomach-turning. You whimper helplessly as blood begins to drip and bubble around his blackened claws. You're almost sure- no, you're acutely aware- that his nails are pressed deep, grating against your bones.

"Just wanna break you, precious little thing..."

And suddenly, you're numb. Sweetly, peacefully numb. It's a blissful few moments of initial shock.

You can't feel your legs, and then the pain sets in.

Searing, burning pain, like thousands of shards of white hot glass, like rusty, crooked nails were just hammered into your being.

Pennywise's claws are dug deep within your flesh just above your knees now- he'd ripped from your thighs straight down, and you can hear the low, hungry purr in his throat as your blood stains his grotesque hands.

All hope of silence lost, you shriek in terror- that voice you'd been saving earlier ripping through your throat. You kick, push, wriggle in a desperate attempt to break away- but the clown has you pinned.

The monster's entire frame is shuddering with every deep, uneven breath. It's unnerving, his excitement evident at the sight of your tattered flesh, your exposed muscle and sinew. He's leaning over you, his sickly sweet, caramel popcorn scent engulfing your nose and filling your lungs, his viscous drool coating your chest, falling onto your chin, into your mouth and eyes.

"So breakable... so afraid..."

Shifting his weight, the clown dips his head down, down, *down*- his painted nose level between your legs in a way that makes you twitch in anticipation, that makes you whine, that makes him laugh.

But what you desire doesn't come- the terrifying substitute for a tongue misses the mark you'd hoped for and instead wiggles its way between the torn flesh of your legs.

You're in pain, you're in so much pain. Fuck, you could pass out- but you keep watching him. You watch *IT*. Like a car crash, you can't tear your eyes away.

The thing drags along your wounds, his saliva oozing down and into your cuts and stinging unimaginably. The purr in his throat rises to a low, ravenous growl that vibrates through his entire body. He's getting off on the taste of your blood, and no doubt, your fear as well.

"F-Fuck, P-P-"

"It hurts?"

Blazing yellow eyes snap to meet yours.

"Too much for you, pet?"

You nod- relieved, surprised, overstimulated as he leans up, and the horrible stinging subsides.

He's leaned in too close for comfort, hot breath on your neck.

"Too much..."

Cooing at you now, unintelligibly, practically *babbling*. It's like he's talking to a child, with words mixed in here and there.

You feel like you can (almost) relax. You feel like you can look away, like you can let air back into your body.

But you completely miss every warning sign when you let your guard down. His breath quickening, his left eye wandering, his voice dropping.

Fucking hell, you *don't* expect it. You thought he was done, you thought you'd been good- but those fucking claws dig into your fresh wounds, and you choke on your breath, shuddering, letting out an animalistic wail as he re-traces his earlier assault, deepening the cuts that much more.

*"Too much for you, too much for you, too **too** much for my tiny little whore..."*

It's disgusting. **IT** is disgusting. The sing-songy lilt of his voice that melts into a laugh.

Tilting your chin up, wiping your tears with his thumbs- He whines, snuffles, mimics your pathetic cries with a smile on his face. The steady flow of drool dripping down his chin is mixed with blood, light pink and reeking of iron. It smells pungent, and it's forced down your throat when he kisses you.

And when he kisses you, the fear goes away.

The pain stays, the throbbing of your wounds and the dizziness you can't seem to shake, but it's a bit strange how it works, how it's always worked with him. You let yourself melt into it, you let yourself wrap your arms around his- **IT's**- neck.

This creature utterly terrified you until it kissed you. Such a human

gesture to put you at ease, to give you a false sense of security. But you knew if you were good for him he'd give you what you wanted- what you really wanted. So you let your mind break, you let yourself, foolishly, relax.

Abruptly, the taste on your tongue becomes sour. Bitter. Acidic, almost. You think at first it'll pass- stupid of you -but you let it happen.

Drool is spilling out of the corners of your mouth, there's so much-fuck, was there *usually* that much?

And it's thicker, it's nasty- it's... not drool.

You snap your eyes open in horror, gagging and pushing the monster away the best you can, wheezing like a fish out of water.

You choke on, swallow, inhale, and spit up what used to be saliva- what's now tarry, black *bile*- and Pennywise giggles in delight at your horror.

"Good little girls don't enjoy kissing monsters, do they?"

Letting out a choked, panicked sob, you shake your head.

"Do they?"

Claws dance across your skin, pressing his palm down onto your windpipe until you're gasping for air that doesn't come.

IT leans in to kiss you again, shoving his tongue down your throat as he chokes you. You're given no choice but to deepthroat the rancid thing, tears spilling from your eyes and pooling into the shells of your ears.

"P-Pennyw-"

"Good little girls should be seen and not heard."

He punctuates the sentence by brushing a throbbing, sticky, tentacle-like appendage against your entrance- one you've grown to know all too well- and you let out a helpless moan.

Sometimes it was easier to focus on that, rather than the blood seeping from your wounds.

"Unless they're screaming... unless they're being used..."

“P-lease...”

You don't see his mouth open- but you're faced suddenly with thousands of teeth, a slowly widening maw, with a dull glow in the back of *your* monster's throat.

Swirling voices, eons old, fill your head- the flicker of light just behind Pennywise's tongue pulsating, vibrating, quickening.

“*Please... what?*”

You're not sure how you're hearing it. It's in your head, the words aren't tangible.

Reservations slipped, fear dulled, pulse at a sluggish pace, you feel like you're floating through water. You're weightless, relaxed. And the voices sing it back to you. You're floating, you're *floating*- and you find your voice.

“Use me.”

Author's Note:

im complete garbage !!! might write a continuation /
part 2 if people like it :))